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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and forty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Local Matters.

The tax assessors have completed their labors and have turned over their books to the city clerk. They have added nearly fourteen millions to the valuation of the city this year, something over thirteen millions being personal property and \$274,000 being the increase in real estate. The total valuation of the city this year will be nearly fifty-seven millions. The rate of taxation is \$12.00 on the \$1000.

N. E. O. P.

The Eighteenth Annual Session of the Supreme Lodge, New England Order of Protection, was held in Boston on Tuesday of this week. Representatives were present from all the New England states. That the order is in a flourishing condition is attested by the fact that the gain the past year is the largest in its history. The total membership April 1 was 42,668. To this number must be added 1402 initiated at a class initiation Monday night in Tremont Temple. This was probably the largest class initiation ever held by any organization. During the past year there have been 354 deaths in the order, involving the payment of \$591,000.

The officers for the ensuing year are: Judge Harry Mauser of Maine, supreme warden; Frederick T. Peabody of Massachusetts, supreme vice warden; Daniel M. Frye of Massachusetts, supreme secretary; John P. Sanborn of Rhode Island, supreme treasurer; Dr. H. A. Chase of Massachusetts, supreme medical examiner; Amos Patton of Massachusetts, supreme guide, and Arthur L. Russell of New Hampshire, supreme sentinel.

The laws of the order were so amended as to allow of the issuing of a \$500 certificate. A person can now insure in the order for \$500, \$1000, \$2000, or \$3000. This amendment is considered a very important one.

Whist and Dance.

Minneola Council, No. 3, D. of P., held a Pocahontas whist in the Builders and Merchants Exchange Tuesday evening, when twenty tables were in use. Whist was played for two hours and the first prizes were won by Mrs. Christopher J. Simmons, Miss Susie H. Brooks, Mr. Harold L. Leighton and Mr. Smith, while the "consolation" was awarded to Miss Lottie A. Tripp, Mr. John Dugan, Miss Bertha Mueller and partner.

There were present a number of the great chiefs and their wives.

Refreshments were served and dancing followed.

On Tuesday evening the Council entertained the wives of many of the great chiefs, who had come to Newport to participate in the Red Men's parade, in their hall, where the parade was reviewed and a social evening spent.

The May dance of this Council will be held in Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening, May 16th.

On Sunday last, Rev. Walter Lowrie began his duties as rector of Trinity Church and preached in the morning to a large congregation, taking his text from Luke IV: 18. His sermon was listened to with much interest. In the afternoon he again preached, taking his text from John X: 11. Mr. Lowrie preaches without notes and is an excellent preacher, holding the attention of his congregation throughout his entire discourse. Rev. John B. Diman, principal of St. George's School, assisted at the morning service.

The body of Mrs. Mary Augusta King arrived in this city on Saturday and was placed in the receiving tomb in the Island Cemetery. On Sunday morning the interment took place, Rev. Walter Lowrie, rector of Trinity Church, officiating. There were present the relatives and persons who had been in the employ of Mrs. King.

Killed While at Work.

Joseph T. Fraser was instantly killed and James Marther was badly injured by the collapsing of a wall at the house on Maple avenue now in course of construction for Louis F. Bruguere. Just what caused the accident is not known, but it is supposed to have been due to the action of the rain which softened the mortar.

It was shortly after 10 o'clock Wednesday morning when the terra cotta facing of the wall on the south side of the building, where the two men were at work on a staging about 25 feet from the ground, fell carrying the staging and the men with it. The weight of the fallen portion must have been nearly two tons. Fraser struck on his head and death resulted instantly but Marther was more fortunate and escaped with a severe shaking up. Word was sent to the police station and the ambulance was dispatched to the scene. Dr. Stewart was notified and pronounced Fraser dead. Marther was taken to the hospital for treatment.

Robert Curry is the contractor for the building. The main walls are of brick with a terra cotta outside which is attached to the brick by means of mortar. It was this that fell. There was nothing to indicate that the walls were not absolutely secure, and it is said that there was nothing defective about the building.

Fraser was a native of Scotland but had lived in this city for many years. He is survived by a widow and several grown children. He was a member of Court Warton, Foresters of America, and of several Scottish societies. He had a wide circle of friends.

The funeral of David Blues took place from his late residence on Warner street on Sunday afternoon, and was largely attended. Rev. W. B. Henley, of Burdville, officiated. Members of the various lodges of which he was a member attended, and there were many handsome floral tributes. The bearers were: George H. Ellis, James Beaumont and Everett I. Gorton from the Pythians and John S. Tobin, Doug Boudreau and G. A. Stenholm from the Woodmen. The interment was in the Island cemetery, where the Knights of Pythias held their funeral ritual.

Second Baptist Church of Newport, R. I., Rev. J. Chester Hyde, pastor. Morning worship at 10.45, subject, "Without Jesus to be with Jesus." Bible School at 12.15 p. m., lesson, "Jesus Prays for His Followers." Black-ell lesson: "Good Hearts." Matt. 13:1-23. Intermediate and Junior Y. P. S. C. E. at 4 p. m., subject: "Jacob, the Supplanter." Gen. 27:36.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Sarah Prieella Bryant, daughter of Mr. A. P. Bryant, of this city, to Mr. Herbert Manton Chase. Miss Bryant is at present in Phoenix, Arizona, where she has spent several winters with her sister, Mrs. Ezra W. Thayer. Miss Bryant will return to Newport early next month.

A big forest fire in North Kingstown on Thursday burned over one hundred acres of heavily timbered land in the big Pine Swamp near the Sea View railroad. On this land were many thousand cords of cut wood which was all burned.

The long looked for scup have at last arrived off our shores and the fishermen are beginning to look happy. Several hundred barrels have been shipped this week to New York and Philadelphia.

There are many candidates for the position of chief of police. But it is not thought that the police commission will select any one at present.

Baptizing at the "Blue Rocks" on Sunday drew a large number of people, including old and young, who enjoy the custom of olden-time baptisms.

Mr. Thomas Stanhope and Mr. Samuel Kesson are enjoying their annual vacation, which they are spending in Washington and Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Rogers Morgan have arrived from Europe, where they have been on an extended trip, traveling over the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert T. Bailey are entertaining Mrs. Bailey's mother, Mrs. James E. Applegate, of Freehold, N. J.

Mr. Arthur H. Popple, who was recently operated on for appendicitis, is recovering, being able to sit up.

Mr. Thomas F. Martin has arrived home, having closed his season with the Thomas F. Shea Company.

The Foresters will celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of the institution of Court Pride on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr will spend the summer in Newport, having returned from Europe.

Miss Kate Friend has returned from her vacation, which she spent at Roxbury, Mass.

Death Claims the Chief.

Benjamin H. Richards Succumbed from an Operation, after a Few Days' Struggle for Life—A Capable Officer, whose Abilities were Recognized Beyond the Limits of Newport.

Chief of Police Benjamin H. Richards died at the private hospital of Dr. William T. Bull in New York about 10.30 o'clock Monday night. He was conscious to the last and the end came peacefully. His wife and daughter were at his bedside, as were also Mr. Arthur H. Easton and Mrs. William Sheridan.

Mr. Richards had suffered for some time from intestinal trouble and went to New York for further medical attendance. An operation was advised and this was performed at the private hospital of Dr. Bull. The operation was of a very serious nature, a large tumor being removed from the intestines. It was a very complicated operation. At first the patient gave evidence of recovering, but peritonitis developed and, in spite of every effort to check it, Mr. Richards failed rapidly. It was seen that he could not recover, and the end came Monday evening.

Mr. Richards was born in New York about forty-three years ago. He early evinced a liking and capability for the profession of detective, his first training being at the United States treasury in New York. From there he was taken on the Elevated road as a detective and, subsequently, was associated with the Pinkerton detective force. He came to Newport to work up a private case in 1881 and afterward established himself here as a private detective, being appointed a special officer of the Newport police force in 1888. In 1892 he was appointed city detective on the regular force. On June 10, 1900, Mr. Richards became chief of police, by election of the police commission, and the office of city detective was abolished.

To just what extent Newport, the richest summer resort in the country, was indebted to Mr. Richards for its immunity from crime against person and property it would be difficult to say, but it is probable that his services cannot be over-estimated. He was a very capable man in his profession. As a detective, he was shrewd, tireless, fearless and quick. As the head of the police department, he was firm but kindly, so that he held the esteem as well as the respect of the men under him, and was always sure of prompt obedience and intelligent co-operation on the part of the force. His experience with the Pinkertons had given him an extended knowledge of criminals and this he took care to keep always fresh. Professional crooks were apprehended by him and sent out of town as soon as they arrived, so that it was known in the "profession" that Newport was not a good town to attempt to work. Twice have professional criminals attempted to work here and both times, owing to the efforts of Mr. Richards, were they landed behind the bars. The experiences of "Bill the Butte" and the car barn robbers was such as to give the Newport police force an enviable reputation.

In smaller matters Mr. Richards was not less painstaking and active. He was prompt in his investigations of petty crimes. Nor can it be said of him that he ever "railroaded" a man as a scapegoat for a crime, never prosecuting unless he was firmly convinced in his own mind that he had apprehended the guilty party. He was respected even by those whom he was compelled to prosecute.

Among the summer residents he was held in the highest esteem. He was affable in manner and was easy of approach by rich or poor. At the big society events, when jewels of untold value were displayed, to Chief Richards and his men was entrusted the task of protecting them. The summer visitors had every confidence in his powers.

Mr. Richards was a member of many societies and clubs, among them being St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M.; Newport Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M.; Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T.; Newport Lodge, B. P. O. Elks; Mahone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection; Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum; Newport Camp, No. 767, Modern Woodmen of America; the Lawrence Club, the Miantonomi Club and the County Club. He was a member of the International Association of Chiefs of Police and served on important committees of the association.

He leaves a widow, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen G. Chase, and one daughter, Miss Edith Richards. He is also survived by two sisters and a brother, who reside in Philadelphia.

The remains were brought to this city on the steamer General Tuesday afternoon and were met at the wharf by a delegation from the orders of which he was a member and by a detail of police. The body was escorted to Cottrill's undertaking establishment, and on

Wednesday it was escorted to his late residence on Church street by a detail of police.

Funeral services were held at Trinity Church on Thursday at noon and were attended by a gathering that completely filled the church, while a great many that were unable to obtain admission to the church stood outside while the service lasted. There were men from every walk in life, including a great many of the most prominent citizens of Newport. The floral offerings were unnumbered.

Rev. Walter Lowrie, rector of the church, officiated. Mr. Augustus Hazard Swan sang The Holy City, a hymn that was a great favorite of Mr. Richards. At the close of the services those present were given an opportunity to look for the last time upon the features of the dead chief.

The remains were escorted from the church to the grave by a line made up of a detail of 20 police under Sergeant Northup; Newport Lodge of Elks, and St. Paul's Lodge of Masons. The active bearers were members of the force, all Masons—Captain Garrett, Sergeants Griffith and Gillen, Officers Denman, Allen and Dewick. The honorary bearers were Police Commissioners Horton, Wetherell and Coggeshall, former Commissioner Read, Messrs. Henry Bull, Jr., Dr. C. W. Stewart, Walter C. Goffe and T. M. Seabury, Jr.

Lieut. Moses R. Ross.

The sad news of the death from drowning on Sunday of First Lieutenant Moses R. Ross was received in this city the first of the week. The accident occurred in the moat at Fortress Monroe. No one was present to witness the sad affair, but it has been stated that Lieut. Ross was riding a bicycle along a cement walk between the outer rampart and the inner wall. The chain of the bicycle broke and it probably threw the young officer into the moat, stunning him so that he was unable to save himself. The body was found in the water and the bicycle on the walk.

Lieut. Ross left Fort Adams about two weeks ago for maneuvers at Virginia. He was 29 years of age and a native of Pennsylvania. In 1889 he graduated from the Washington and Jefferson College and was an honorary graduate of the 1904 class at the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe. He entered the service as a private in Company I, Fifth Pennsylvania volunteers, and afterwards became second lieutenant and then first lieutenant in the Forty-sixth regiment, United States Infantry. In May, 1901, he was mustered out, receiving his commission as second lieutenant in the artillery corps on May 5, 1901, and on Nov. 13, 1903, he was promoted to first lieutenant. About a year ago he was ordered to the Seventy-ninth Company, coast artillery, at Fort Adams, and during his stay there became a great favorite with his companions. He also made many friends in this city.

The body was forwarded to his home in Philadelphia, where the funeral took place.

Timothy C. Sullivan.

Mr. Timothy C. Sullivan, who has served the city as dog constable and field driver for a long term, died at his residence on Thames street Tuesday morning of heart failure, having been in poor health for some time, but was confined to his bed only three days.

Mr. Sullivan was a veteran of the Civil War and was a member of Charles E. Lawton Post. On June 5, 1861, he enlisted in the Second Rhode Island regiment, and was appointed sergeant in Company K. The regiment took part in the first battle of Bull Run on June 21, 1861, at which time Mr. Sullivan was wounded in the arm, taken a prisoner and carried to Richmond, where it was found necessary to amputate the arm. On account of the loss of his arm he was discharged from service at Washington on December 11, 1861.

Mr. Sullivan, after his return to this city, started a grocery store at the corner of Thames and South Baptist streets, continuing in that business until 1895. He believed in the principles of the Republican party and served the city faithfully while holding the offices to which he was elected. A family of eight children survive him: Messrs. Jeremiah, John B. and Mortimer Sullivan, and Mrs. Charles of Newark, and the Messrs. Theresa, Margaret M., Catherine and Bessie Sullivan of this city.

William J. Gardner.

Mr. William J. Gardner died suddenly at his home on Mt. Vernon street on Tuesday of heart failure. Mr. Gardner was stricken ill while at work in his yard and was carried into his home by friends, but died before a physician could be secured. He had not been well during the winter, but yet his death came unexpectedly.

The deceased was a butcher by trade and had a reputation of being an expert meat cutter.

A widow survives him.

Local Pastor Expelled.

The Providence Journal of Tuesday contained the following:

After an investigation that has been along the most careful and conservative lines, the board of managers of the Rhode Island State Convention, at a meeting held yesterday afternoon in the First Baptist Church, on North Main street, expelled from membership in the Convention Rev. Edward A. Johnson, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Newport, and voted that notice of such expulsion should be published in the Baptist denominational papers.

The charges upon which this action was taken are falsehood and alleged immorality, and, in investigating the matter, the committee went into Mr. Johnson's record, not only since he has been a pastor of the Newport church, but for several years previous to that time, while he occupied other pastorates, and found such an unsatisfactory state of affairs that the greatest punishment in the power of the Convention, the governing body in the Baptist denomination, was meted out to him without a dissenting voice from the well-known and prominent clergymen who constitute that body.

The action was based on the report of a committee of nine members, appointed to investigate the matter, said report being tendered to the board of managers yesterday and containing an exhaustive account of the inquiry. It was accepted by the board, and the Secretary was ordered to transmit a copy of the charges to Mr. Johnson.

The committee was made up as follows: Rev. Henry M. King, pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city; Rev. L. L. Henson, pastor of the Craven Street Baptist Church; Rev. John R. Brown, pastor of the Central Baptist Church; Rev. J. V. Osterhout, pastor of the Broadway Baptist Church; Rev. M. D. Fuller of East Greenwich; Rev. Frank Rector of Pawtucket; Rev. Thomas E. Bartlett of Pawtucket; A. B. McCutcheon and W. H. Waite.

This committee went to work with the idea that if an injustice was being done this clergyman, by the stories that were being circulated about him, they should be cleared up and the man exonerated. Within a short time, however, they learned things in regard to Mr. Johnson that attracted their attention, and as the investigation went on they did not stop with probing his record in the Newport pastorate, but went back to the time when, several years ago, Rev. Mr. Johnson occupied the pastorate of the Alleghany Avenue Baptist Church of Philadelphia.

From clergymen of that city and others who were cognizant of the facts they learned that while pastor of the church charges had been preferred against Mr. Johnson and that he had been excluded from the church; that the matter was later taken up by the Baptist Ministers' Conference of that city and that he had been expelled from membership in that body. All of this was done, it is said, because of charges of immorality.

In the present case the attention of the Convention was called to the alleged conduct of the minister by a petition signed by 28 members of his church asking that an investigation be made.

The action taken by the Convention does not affect the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, as in that denomination a pastor is selected and dismissed by the local body alone. At a meeting of the members of the church held some time ago, the charges against Mr. Johnson were brought up and the pastor was sustained by a considerable majority.

The new ferryboat Bristol, which is being built for the Newport & Providence Railway, was launched at the yards of the Husey & Jones Company in Wilmington, Del., on Thursday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The vessel was christened by Miss Gertrude Merriek, daughter of the general manager of the company. The Bristol is 113 feet in length, 24 feet beam and 11 feet depth of hold and will be fitted with an electric light plant, fully equipped. Power will be furnished by a steam engine with wooden galloway frames. The vessel is double decked, with the main deck fitted with a two-way driveway and sailways on either side.

The badly decomposed body of a man was found on the shore near the Maitland place Tuesday noon and was removed to an undertaking establishment. Decomposition had so far progressed that it was impossible to identify the body but it was supposed to be that of John Breslin, a fisherman who disappeared from his vessel on January 31.

The Colonial Baptist Missionary Society has been holding its tenth annual convention in this city at Mount Olivet Baptist Church with a large number of delegates in attendance. At the election of officers on the first day of the session Rev. D. L. Cosby of this city was chosen president. The sessions will continue for the remainder of the week.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Christiana E. Stanhope for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Marian Christie Stanhope, to Mr. George W. W. Bartlett, of Haverhill, Mass., the wedding to take place at the First Methodist Episcopal Church on Thursday evening, June 1st, at half-past six.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening when routine business was transacted. The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for four weeks ending April 28 was 3,751, the average belonging was 3,412.5, the average attending 3,118, the per cent of attendance 91.3, cases of tardiness 417, and cases of dismissal 141. In the Townsend Industrial School 1,163 pupils were enrolled.

The Board of Health has reported three cases of contagious disease (two diphtheria and one scarlet fever) since the last meeting of this board.

The expenditures for April were as follows: Committee on buildings, \$871.25; committee on teachers, \$8,223.83; text-books and supplies, \$192.94; finance \$1,467.46; total \$10,775.51.

Since the last meeting the geology class of the Rogers, personally conducted by Mr. Greenlaw, has studied the characteristic formations of Lawton's Valley. After three hours of inspection, the class made the textbook statements real knowledge. They had seen and therefore knew.

The class in United States history, Rogers XIII, has made an historical inspection of the "Old State House." The construction of the building and the Stuart's Washington especially interested the class. The daughters of the Revolution have offered a prize of \$10 for the best essay on "Franklin in Paris." The award will be made on graduation day.

Children are slowly procuring glasses or seeking treatment in response to the crude examination made early in 1905. In certain cases which were pronounced deserving by Miss Thomas of the Charity Organization, and by Mr. Topham, a friend of the children has furnished glasses that Dr. Harvey has recommended. In June a full report of the effects of the examination will be given.

The state appropriation based on schools and the census was apportioned last week. The method of distribution is as follows: "Each town receives \$100 per school up to 15, and \$9,747,560 per capita of school population." (\$1,500 and \$3,115.57). This is a loss of \$240.61 as compared with last year.

As the public schools have a larger enrollment than ever before, and as the parochials are also full, it is evident that there is no real loss in the number of children in the city.

The class of 1905, Rogers High School, will be honored at their graduation in June by the presence of His Excellency, George H. Utter, governor, who will deliver the address. The grammar graduates will listen to Arthur F. Boyden of the Bridgewater Normal School, Massachusetts.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 207; number of cases of truancy (public), 15; parochial, 9; 15, number out for illness and other causes, 192; number of different children truant, 13; number found not attending school, 4; number sent to public schools, 4; number sent to parochial schools, 6; number of regular certificates issued, 7. May 5 one boy was arrested for larceny of money from his teacher in the Lenthall School; he pleaded guilty and was placed on probation. The money was refunded by the father. I recommend the prosecution of William Louis Northup, 14 Coddington street, who has habitual truant.

The committee on teachers gave notice of a change in text books at the Rogers High School. On recommendation of Superintendent Lull the rules for study in the Rogers High School were amended so that to receive points for graduation in a foreign language it must be studied for two consecutive years.

A delightful entertainment was given at the Opera House on Thursday evening by men of the United States Naval Training Station for the benefit of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. There was a good attendance and the audience was very appreciative of the many good numbers on the programme. The first part was in the form of a minstrel show, introducing a number of songs, dances and jokes. The second part comprised gymnastic drills, illustrated songs, and the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, during which the audience remained standing. The musical part of the entertainment was under the direction of Mr. H. W. Rankin, and the athletic part under the direction of Mr. J. J. Kirby.

Shortly after 7 o'clock Friday morning there was an alarm from box 122 on Bridge street for a fire in the residence of Bernard Kohrman caused by the explosion of an oil stove in the kitchen. The emergency company had the fire under control before the other companies arrived and the result was quickly sounded. The damage was slight.

Gen. G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R., of Brooklyn will come here on Memorial Day to decorate the grave of General Warren. Rev. C. A. Stenhouse will be the orator of the day.

Mr. Seth Dellos of this city recently passed a successful examination for the degree of doctor of medicine at the University of Maryland in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. William Holme, of Pawtucket, R. I., are guests of the Misses Merritt on Third street.

Mr. John H. Seaneville has returned from a visit to the Island of Jamaica.

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY

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CHAPTER X.

NIGHT after night the Melades swung higher in the firmament. Day after day the sailor perfected his defenses and anxiously scanned the ocean for sign of friendly smoke or hostile sail. This reptile would not have been given to him were it not for the lucky bullet which removed two fingers and part of a third from the right hand of the Dyak chief. Not even a healthy savage can afford to treat such a wound lightly, and ten days elapsed before the maimed soldier was able to move the injured limb without a curse.

Meanwhile each night Jenks slept less soundly. Each day his face became more careworn. He began to realize why the island had not been visited already by the vessel which would certainly be deputed to search for them. One was examining the great east line of China and Siam.

It was his habit to mark the progress of time on the rudely made sundial, which sufficiently served their requirements as a clock. Iris happened to see him clamping the forty-fourth notch on the edge of the horizontal block of wood.

"Have we really been forty-four days here?" she inquired after counting the marks with growing astonishment.

"I believe the reckoning is accurate," he said. "The Sirdar was lost on the 18th of March, and I make this the 1st of May."

"It seems to be a tremendous time, indeed, in some respects, it figures in my mind like many years. That is when I am thinking. Otherwise, when busy, the days fly like hours."

"It must be convenient to have such an elastic scale."

"Most useful. I strive to apply the quick rate when you are grumpy." Iris placed her arms akimbo, planted her feet widely apart and surveyed Jenks with an expression that might almost be termed impatient. They were great friends, these two, now.

When the urgent necessity for conditions labor no longer spurred them to exertion during every moment of daylight, they lacked the box of books and read, not volumes which appealed to them in common, but quaint tomes in the use of which Jenks was tutor and Iris the scholar.

It became a fixed principle with the girl that she was very ignorant, and she insisted that the sailor should teach her. For instance, among the books he found a treatise on astronomy. It yielded a keen delight to both to identify a constellation and learn all sorts of wonderful things concerning it.

As a variant Jenks introduced a study of Hindustani. His method was to write a short sentence and explain in detail its component parts. She knitted her brows in the effort to master the ridiculous complexities of a language which, instead of simply saying "Take" or "Bring," compels one to say "Take-go" and "Take-come."

One problem defied solution—that of providing raiment for Iris. The united skill of the sailor and herself would not induce unraveled cordage to supply the need of thread. It was either too weak or too knotty, and meanwhile the girl's clothes were falling to pieces. Jenks tried the fibers of trees, the shavings of birds—every possible expedient he could hit upon—and perhaps

after experiments covering some weeks he might have succeeded. But sudden dress stiffness, weakened by aniline dyes and attuned with Chinese clay, permitted of no such exhaustive research. It must be remembered that the lady passengers on board the Sirdar were dressed to suit the tropics, and the hard usage given by Iris to her scanty stock was never contemplated by the manufacturer or Bradford looms responsible for the durability of the material.

As the days passed the position became irksome. It even threatened complete collapse during some critical moment, and the two often silently surveyed the large number of merely male garments in their possession. Of course in the matter of coats and waistcoats there was no difficulty whatever. Iris had long been wearing those portous of the doctor's uniform. But when it came to the rest—

At last one memorable morning she crossed the Rubicon. Jenks had climbed, as usual, to the Summit rock. He came back with the exciting news that he thought—he could not be certain, but there were indications inspiring hopefulness—that toward the west of the island he could discern the smoke of a steamer.

Though he had eyes for a faint cloud of vapor at least fifty miles distant, he saw nothing of a remarkable change effected nearer home. Outwardly Iris was attired in her wonted manner, but if her companion's mind were not wholly monopolized by the bluish haze detected on the horizon he must have noticed the turned up ends of a pair of trousers beneath the hem of her tattered skirt.

It did occur to him that Iris revealed his momentous announcement with an odd air of hauteur, and it was passing strange she did not offer to accompany him when, after bolting his breakfast, he returned to the observatory.

He came back in an hour, and the lines on his face were deeper than before.

"A false alarm," he said curtly in response to her questioning look.

And that was all, though she nerved herself to walk steadily past him on her way to the well. This was disconcerting, even annoying, to a positive

end the ordeal, she stood rigidly before him.

"Well," she said, "I've done it!" "Have you?" he exclaimed blankly. "Yes. They're a little too long, and I feel very awkward, but they're better than—than my poor old dress unsupported."

She blushed furiously, to the sailor's complete bewilderment, but she bravely persevered and stretched out an unwilling foot.

"Oh, I see!" he growled, and he, too, reddened.

And during the remainder of the day he did not once look at her feet. Indeed, he had far more serious matters to distract his thoughts, for Iris, feverishly anxious to be busy, suddenly suggested that it would be a good thing were she able to use a rifle if a fight at close quarters became necessary.

The recoil of the Lee-Metford is so slight that any woman can manipulate the weapon with effect, provided she is not called upon to fire from a standing position, in which case the weight is liable to cause bad aiming. Though it came rather late in the day, Jenks caught at the idea. He accustomed her in the first instance to the use of blank cartridges. Then when fairly proficient in holding and sighting—a child can learn how to refill the clip and eject each empty shell—she fired ten rounds of service ammunition. The target was a white circle on a rock at eighty yards, and those of the ten shots that missed the absolute mark would have made an enemy at the same distance extremely uncomfortable.

Iris was much pleased with her proficiency. "Now," she cried, "instead of being a hindrance to you I may be some help. In any case, the Dyaks will think there are two men to face, and they have good reason to fear one of us."

Then a new light dawned upon Jenks.

"Why did you not think of it before?" he demanded. "Don't you see, Miss Deane, the possibility suggested by your words? I am sorry to be compelled to speak plainly, but I feel sure that if those scoundrels do attack us in force it will be more to secure you than to avenge the loss of their fellow tribesmen. First and foremost, the sea-going Dyaks are pirates and marauders. They prow about the coast looking not so much for a fight as for loot and women. Now, if they return and apparently find two well armed men awaiting them, with no prospect of plunder, there is a chance that they may abandon the enterprise."

Iris did not flinch from the topic. She well knew its grave importance.

"In other words," she said, "I must be seen by them dressed only in male clothing?"

"Yes; as a last resource, that is. I have some hope that they may not discover our whereabouts owing to the precautions we have adopted. Perched up there on the ledge, we will be profoundly uncomfortable, but that will be nothing if it secures our safety."

She did not reply at once. Then she said musingly: "Forty-four days! Surely there has been ample time to scour the China sea from end to end in search of us! My father would never abandon hope until he had the most positive knowledge that the Sirdar was lost with all on board."

The sailor, through long schooling, was prepared with an answer: "Each day makes the prospect of escape brighter. Though I was naturally disappointed this morning, I must state quite emphatically that our rescue may come any hour."

Iris looked at him steadily. "Do you remember, Mr. Jenks, that soon after the wreck you told me we might have to remain here many months?"

"That was a pardonable exaggeration."

"No, no! It was the truth. You are seeking now to buoy me up with false hope. It is 1,600 miles from Hong-kong to Singapore, and half as much from Siam to Borneo. The Sirdar might have been driven anywhere in the typhoon. Didn't you say so, Mr. Jenks?"

He wavered under this merciless cross examination.

"I had no idea your memory was so good," he said weakly.

"Excellent, I assure you. Moreover, during our forty-four days together you have taught me to think. Why do you adopt subterfuge with me? We are partners in all else. Why cannot I share your despair as well as your toil?"

She blazed out in sudden wrath, and he understood that she would not be denied the full extent of his secret fear. He bowed reverently before her, as a mortal paying homage to an angry goddess.

"I can only admit that you are right," he murmured. "We must pray that God will direct our friends to this island. Otherwise we may not be found for a year, as unhappily the fishermen who once came here now avoid the place. They have been frightened by the contents of the hollow behind the cliff. I am glad you have solved the difficulty unaided, Miss Deane. I have striven at times to be coarse, even brutal, toward you, but my heart flinched from the task of telling you the possible period of your imprisonment."

Then Iris, for the first time in many days, wept bitterly, and Jenks, blind to the true cause of her emotion, picked up a rifle to which, in spare moments, he had affixed a curious device, and walked slowly across Prospect park toward the half obliterated road lead-

ing to the valley of death.

The girl watched him disappear among the trees. Through her tears shone a sorrowful little smile.

"He thinks only of me, never of himself," she murmured. "If it pleases Providence to spare us from these savages, what does it matter to me how long we remain here? I have never been so happy before in my life. I fear I never will be again. If it were not for my father's terrible anxiety I would not have a care in the world. I only wish to get away so that one brave soul at least may be rid of needless tortures. All his worry is on my account, none on his own."

That was what fearful Miss Iris thought or tried to persuade herself to think. Perhaps her cogitations would not bear strict analysis. Perhaps she harbored a sweet hope that the future might yet contain bright hours for herself and the man who was so devoted to her. She refused to believe that Robert Anstruther, strong of arm and clear of brain, a knight of the Round Table in all that was noble and chivalric, would permit his name to bear an unwarrantable stigma when—and she blushed like a June rose—he came to tell her that which he had written.

The sailor returned hastily, with the manner of one hurrying to perform a neglected task. Without any explanation to Iris he climbed several times to the ledge, carrying armfuls of grass roots, which he planted in full view. Then he entered the cave, and, although he was furnished only with the dim light that penetrated through



"Oh, I see!" he growled.

the distant exit, she heard him hewing manfully at the rock for a couple of hours. At last he emerged, grimy with dust and perspiration, just in time to pay a last visit to Summit rock before the sun sank to sunset. He asked the girl to delay somewhat the preparations for their evening meal, as he wished to take a bath; so it was quite dark when they sat down to eat.

Iris had long recovered her usual state of high spirits.

"Why were you borrowing in the cavern again?" she inquired. "Are you in a hurry to get rich?"

"I was following an air shaft, not a lode," he replied. "I am occasionally troubled with after wit, and this is an instance. Do you remember how the flame of the lamp flickered while we were opening up our mine?"

"Yes."

"I was so absorbed in contemplating our prospective wealth that I failed to pay heed to the true significance of that incident. It meant the existence of an upward current of air. Now, where the current goes there must be a passage, and while I was busy this afternoon among the trees over there"—he pointed toward the valley of death—"it came to me like an inspiration that possibly a few hours' hewing and delving might open a shaft to the ledge. I have been well rewarded for the effort. The stuff in the vault is so eaten away by water that it is no more solid than hard mud for the most part. Already I have scooped out a chimney twelve feet high."

"What good can that be?"

"At present we have only a front door—up the face of the rock. When my work is completed—before tomorrow night, I hope—we shall have a back door too. Of course I may encounter unforeseen obstacles as I advance. A twist in the fault would be nearly fatal, but I am praying that it may continue straight to the ledge."

"I still don't see the great advantage to us."

"The advantages are many, believe me. The more points of attack presented by the enemy the more effective will be our resistance. I doubt if they would ever be able to rush the cave were we to hold it, whereas I can go up and down our back staircase whenever I choose. If you don't mind being left in the dark I will resume work now by the light of your lamp."

But Iris protested against this arrangement. She felt lonely. The long hours of silence had been distasteful to her. She wanted to talk.

"I agree," said Jenks, "provided you do not pin me down to something I told you a month ago."

"I promise. You can tell me as much or as little as you think fit. The subject for discussion is your court martial."

He could not see the tender light in her eyes, but the quiet sympathy of her voice restrained the protest prompt on his lips. Yet he blurted out after a slight pause:

"That is a very unsavory subject."

"Is it? I do not think so. I am a friend, Mr. Jenks, not an old one. I admit, but during the past six weeks we have bridged an ordinary acquaintance-

ship of as many years. Can you not trust me?"

"Trust her? He laughed softly. Then, choosing his words with great deliberation, he answered: "Yes, I can trust you. I intended to tell you the story some day. Why not tonight?"

Unseen in the darkness, Iris' hand sought and clasped the gold locket suspended from her neck. She already knew some portion of the story he would tell. The remainder was of minor importance.

"It is odd," he continued, "that you should have alluded to six years a moment ago. It is exactly six years almost to a day since the trouble began."

"With Lord Ventnor?" The name slipped out involuntarily.

"Yes. I was then a staff corps subaltern, and my proficiency in native languages attracted the attention of a friend in Simla, who advised me to apply for an appointment on the political side of the government of India. I did so. He supported the application, and I was assured of the next vacancy in a native state provided that I got married. I was not a marrying man, Miss Deane, and the requisite qualification nearly staggered me. But I looked around the station and came to the conclusion that the commissioner's niece would make a suitable wife. I regarded her 'points,' so to speak, and they filled the bill. She was smart, good looking, lively, understood the art of entertaining, was first rate in sports and had excellent teeth. Indeed, if a man selected a wife as he does a horse, she—"

"Don't be horrid. Was she really pretty?"

"I believe so. People said she was."

"But what did you think?"

"At the time my opinion was biased. I have seen her since, and she wears badly. She is married now and after thirty grew very fat."

Artful Jenks! Iris settled herself comfortably to listen.

"I have jumped that fence with a lot in hand," he thought.

"We became engaged," he said aloud.

"She threw herself at him," commented Iris.

"Her name was Elizabeth—Elizabeth Morris." The young lieutenant of those days called her Bessie, but no matter.

"Well, you didn't marry her, anyhow," commented Iris, a trifle sharply.

And now the sailor was on level ground again.

"Thank heaven, no!" he said earnestly. "We had barely become engaged when she went with her maid to Simla for the hot weather. There she met Lord Ventnor, who was on the viceroy's staff, and—if you don't mind, we will skip a portion of the narrative—I discovered then why men in India usually go to England for their wives. While in Simla on ten days' leave I had a foolish row with Lord Ventnor in the United Service club—hammered him, in fact, in defense of a worthless woman—and was only saved from a severe reprimand because I had been badly treated. Nevertheless, my hopes of a political appointment vanished, and I returned to my regiment to learn after due reflection what a very lucky person I was."

"Concerning Miss Morris, you mean?"

"Exactly. And now exit Elizabeth. Not being cut out for matrimonial enterprise, I tried to become a good officer. A year ago, when the government asked for volunteers to form Chinese regiments, I sent in my name and was accepted. I had the good fortune to serve under an old friend, Colonel Costobell, but some malign star sent Lord Ventnor to the far east. This time in an important civil capacity. I met him occasionally, and we found we did not like each other any better. My horse beat his for the Pagan Horse handicap. Poor old Sultan, I wonder where he is now!"

"Colonel Costobell fell ill, and the command of the regiment devolved upon me, our only major being absent in the interior. The colonel's wife, unhappily, chose that moment to flirt, as people say, with Lord Ventnor. Not having learned the advisability of mixing my own business, I remonstrated with her, thus making her my deadly enemy. Lord Ventnor contrived an official mission to a neighboring town and detailed me for the military charge. I sent a junior officer, then Mrs. Costobell and he deliberately conspired a plot to ruin me, he for the sake of his old animosity—you remember that I had also crossed his path in Egypt—she because she feared I would speak to her husband. On pretense of seeking my advice she inveigled me at night into a deserted corner of the club grounds at Hongkong. Lord Ventnor appeared, and as the upshot of their vile statements, which created an immediate uproar. I—well, Miss Deane, I nearly killed him."

Iris vividly recalled the anguish he betrayed when this topic was inadvertently broached one day early in their acquaintance. Now he was reciting his painful history with the air of a man far more concerned to be scrupulously accurate than aroused in his deepest passions by the memory of past wrongs. What had happened in the interim to blunt these bygone sufferings? Iris clasped her locket. She thought she knew.

The remainder may be told in a sentence," he said. "Of what avail were my frenzied statements against the definite proofs adduced by Lord Ventnor and his unfortunate ally? Even her husband believed her and became my bitter foe. Poor woman! I have it in my heart to pity her. Well, that is all. I am here!"

"Can a man be ruined so easily?" murmured the girl, her exquisite tact leading her to avoid any direct expression of sympathy.

"It seems so. But I have had my reward. If ever I meet Mrs. Costobell again I will thank her for a great service."

Iris suddenly became confused. Her brow and neck tingled with a quick access of color.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. And Jenks, who was rising, either did not hear or pretended not to hear the tremor in her tone.

"Because you once told me you would never marry Lord Ventnor, and after what I have told you now I am quite sure you will not."

"Ah, then you do trust me?" she almost whispered.

He forced back the words trembling for utterance. He even strove weakly to assume an air of good humored badinage.

"See how you have tempted me from after tea."

Miss Woodby—My great-grandmother on my mother's side was noted for her proud and imperious bearing. Miss Newitt—Indeed? Our servant girl's the same way.—Catholic Standard and Times.

work. Miss Deane?" he cried. "We have gossiped here until the fire grew tired of our company. To bed, please, at once."

Iris caught him by the arm.

"I will pray tonight and every night," she said solemnly, "that your good name may be cleared in the eyes of all men, as it is in mine. And I am sure my prayer will be answered."

She passed into her chamber, but her angelic influence remained. In his very soul the man thanked God for the tribulation which brought this woman into his life. He had traversed the wilderness to find an oasis of rare beauty.

It was a beautiful night. After a baking hot day the rocks were radiating their stored up heat, but the pleasantly southwesterly breeze that generally set in at sunset tempered the atmosphere and made sleep refreshing. Jenks could not settle down to rest for a little while after Iris left him. She did not bring forth her lamp, and, unwilling to disturb her, he picked up a resinous branch, lit it in the dying fire and went into the cave.

He wanted to survey the work already done and to determine whether it would be better to resume operations in the morning from inside the excavation or from the ledge. Owing to the difficulty of constructing a vertical upward shaft and the danger of a sudden fall of heavy material he decided in favor of the latter course, although it entailed lifting all the refuse out of the hole. To save time, therefore, he carried his mining tools into the open, placed in position the cheval de frise long sluice constructed for the defense of the entrance, and poured water over the remains of the fire.

This was his final care each night before stretching his weary limbs on his couch of branches. It caused delay in the morning, but he neglected no precaution, and there was a possible chance of the Dyaks failing to discover the eagle's nest if they were persuaded by other indications that the island was deserted.

He entered the hut and was in the act of pulling off his boots when a distant shot rang sharply through the air. It was magnified tenfold by the intense silence. For a few seconds, that seemed to be minutes, he listened, cherishing the quick thought that perhaps a turtle, wandering far beyond accustomed limits, had disturbed one of the spring gun communications on the sands. A spluttering volley, which his trained ear recognized as the firing of muzzle loaders, sounded the death knell of his last hope.

The Dyaks had landed! Coming silently and mysteriously in the dead of night, they were themselves the victims of a stratagem they designed to employ. Instead of taking the occupants of Rainbow island unawares they were startled at being greeted by a shot the moment they landed. The alarmed savages at once retaliated by firing their antiquated weapons point blank at the trees, thus giving warning enough to wake the seven sleepers.

Iris, fully dressed, was out in a moment.

"They have come!" she whispered.

"Yes," was the cheery answer, for Jenks gave to face with danger was a very different man from Jenks wrestling with the insidious attacks of Cupid. "Up the ladder! Be lively! They will not be here for half an hour if they kick up such a row at the first difficulty. Still, we will take no risks. Cast down those spare lines when you reach the top and haul away when I say 'Ready.' You will find everything to hand up there."

He held the bottom of the ladder to steady it for the girl's climb. Soon her voice fell like a message from a star: "All right! Please join me soon!"

The coiled up ropes dropped along the face of the rock. Clothes, pick, hatchet, hammer, crowbars and other useful odds and ends were swung away into the darkness, for the moon as yet did not illumine the crag. The sailor darted into Belle Vue castle and kicked their leathery beds about the floor. Then he slung all the rifles, now five in number, over his shoulders and mounted the rope ladder, which, with the spare cords, he drew up and coiled with careful method.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Tower of Pisa.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa is a campanile or bell tower. The building, which is cylindrical in form, is 157 feet high and fifty feet in diameter, made entirely of white marble. It is called the leaning tower from the fact that it inclines some thirty feet from the perpendicular, and it is not generally known that this inclination, which gives the tower such a remarkable appearance was not intentional. At the time it was about half done the error in measurement was perceived. It was guarded against by the use of extra braces in the further construction of the building and an adaptation of the stone in the highest portion. There are seven bells on the top of the tower, the largest of which weighs 2,000 pounds, and these are so placed as to counteract as far as possible the leaning of the tower itself.

The Mygalis Tarantula.

The Mygalis tarantula sometimes spreads over six inches square, but more frequently four or five inches. A shaggy coat of hair covers the surface of the great spider. It is supplied with six long, bony legs and two dangerous pedipalps, or strikers, each armed with a sharp sting and poison sac. The strikers are frequently mistaken for two long legs, and from this arises the idea that the creature has stings on its feet. Two powerful projections, resembling jaws, protrude from the head. Under each of these is a curved poison fang, similar to a cat's claw, but longer (exactly like those of a rattlesnake), which may be lifted, extended and hooked into the victim. A person thus stung or bitten must cut the tarantula away at once, for the spider does not seem willing to unhook its fangs.

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TWO PAIRS

By Martha
McCulloch-Williams

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"A hundred dollars! And her dog and her cat! I call that a shame—a burning shame!" Amy Watts said, holding out her hand to Jocelyn, ostensibly sympathetic, but with a gleam of satisfaction in her eye.

"I don't," Jocelyn said stoutly. "Aunt Bertha never promised to make me her heir. She did all she said and more—gave me my education—with a lot of frills in the way of extras—dressed me well and gave me also a chance of earning her money. I wouldn't take it."

"Why, I—I don't understand," Amy began. Jocelyn laughed softly. "The earning would have been easy—to some girls," she said. "It only meant being a missionary. You see, auntie felt that she herself ought to have gone—she thought she had heard a call that way—but her terror of men and water was such she never could venture to answer it. She wanted me to fill the gap which she thought she had left in the ranks. Then, too, the poor old dear knew I'd spend her money if I got it without the missionary career in having good times. And she did so hate good times! She simply couldn't be happy unless she was very miserable."

"You stayed with her nine years," Amy said in a voice of awe. Jocelyn smoothed out her black gown and said cheerfully: "Yes, and I'm glad of it. Toward the last she clung to me pitifully—called me her comfort, and all that. But it broke me all up to have her ask my pardon for the will, as though I had a right to be hurt over it. I've lived so useless, child, I had to do a little good at the very last," she said. So her dear missionary kept everything but the place, and the family silver—they went to a Challenger down in Texas, the last of the name. She hoped he would come back to live on the place. Somehow, in spite of all her crankiness, she kept the feeling of race. I'm not real blood kin of hers, you know—only her stepmother's grandchild."

"When is he coming—this Texan?" Amy interrupted.

Jocelyn laughed roguishly. "Not at all, I suspect, Amy-Mammy. You'll have to put up with Frank Palmer after all, for even if Mr. Stephen Challenger should come he is likely to bring a Mrs. Challenger along. Early and often is the Texas motto when it comes to matrimony, and he's all of thirty-five."

"Frank has no eyes now for anybody but you," Amy said, trying to mask spite with playfulness and succeeding rather ill.

Jocelyn gave her a keen look. Inwardly she whistled, a favorite trick of hers in case of great surprise. "Unless you take that back right straight I'll bundle you out, neck and crop," she said severely, but with twinkling eyes. "I don't deny grudging Frank to you. What woman could? But you have possession, which is nine points of the law, not to speak of vested interests. You two were betrothed in the cradle, I've always heard, by your respective fathers."

"Oh, that was all a joke!" Amy said, but blushed and bridled delightedly. Amy was a pretty enough girl unless Jocelyn were by to put her out of court. Jocelyn was tall and twenty, light on her feet, lithely rounded, a figure of grace, vital everywhere, most of all in her peach tinted face and laughing eyes. In the three weeks since she had come home she had subjugated half of Lynville—women no less than men. What wonder that she had swept Frank Palmer off his feet!

He was a rich man's only child, spoiled of course, but a decent fellow enough, dutiful to his father and tenderly affectionate toward his invalid mother. He had intended to marry Amy on purpose to please his mother, who was fond of the girl and had grown to depend on her greatly. Now he had decided she would be much fonder of Jocelyn before six months were out. How could she help it? While the two girls talked of him he was saying this to the sick woman, who answered him with only silent choking sobs and wringing of wasted hands. The silence irritated him to the point of action. He went out of the house far from gently and swung along the tree bordered street, eyes down, so intent upon his errand he ran fairly into a tall, unbending fellow who stood irresolute upon a corner.

"No harm done; rather good," the stranger said in answer to his apologies. "At least I reckon so. It gives me a chance to speak to you without seeming like a confidence man. I ought to be ashamed to say it, but the fact is I'm lost—lost in Lynville, where I was born a long time ago. The Lynville I remember was another sort of place—used to be a public square, where the turnpike went down toward the river, with a market house and courthouse."

"They've gone out to meet the railroad," Frank explained, smiling in spite of himself.

The stranger said, "I'm" then plunged into the middle of things with: "Say, what sort of proposition is this Craig girl—Miss Jocelyn? You're bound to know her if you live here."

"She's most adorable," Frank answered, smiling.

The stranger looked at him, also smiling, but shrewdly. "It's plain she's run her hand on you, young man," he said. "So you up and tell me who you are? And how you're fixed? No harm meant. I've got a good reason for asking. My name's Challenger. I've come all the way up here to sort of see things. When I got the straight story of my great aunt's will and knew how

"I know an English lady," boasted Mrs. De Style, "who can show eight quarters."

"That's nothing," sneered Mrs. Muchwed. "I know a St. Louis lady who can show eleven different marriage certificates, and no two with the same man, eyer!"

"Musical neighborhood, eh?"

"Not exactly. It's a piano playing neighborhood."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

informally she had treated the Craig girl I said to myself, 'Steve, it's up to you to make tracks up there and marry that poor thing.'

"Sure you can do it?" Frank asked, a stormy red flashing into his face. Challenger wheeled upon him. "Lord, yes," he said. "Even in Texas there aren't many would turn down Steve Challenger. Ever hear of the Tomahawk Ten ranch? Pretty complete outfit, if I do say it myself. It don't really lack much but a mistress, and that it's going to have, sure as this Miss Jocelyn shows up as any sort of Texas timber. She ought to be that. This little old state of Tennessee raises about the best going. That's what made me wait so long. I've been knowing I needed a wife ever since the Tomahawk Ten got to a fall draft of 2,000 steers, but somehow I couldn't fetch it to come up here after her. Now—well, I don't think I'm going home by myself, not even if I find the wind blows the way I think it does."

"How is that?" Frank asked.

"Challenger laughed. 'Why, that you've gone and cut me out before ever I was rightly out in.' He said. 'Ain't that about right?'

"I don't know," Frank interrupted, "but, doggedly, 'if you'll come along with me we'll very soon find out.'"

"So you're going to see her?" Challenger ejaculated, with a whistle. Then, rubbing his hands, "But you haven't told me a word about yourself."

Frank ran into a brief account of himself as they swung along the street. Challenger listened attentively and at the close asked: "Now, one thing more, are you right sure you ain't mortgaged property? I don't see how you can help being, living here where folks can't do much but marry, specially women. Oh, ho, I thought so!" noting Frank's frowning flush. "Now you speak up—the whole truth—before we go a step farther together."

"Would you ruin your life to please other people?" Frank demanded.

Challenger looked at him narrowly. "No man ruins his life except by doing wrong," he said. "Tell me the whole tale, then I can judge."

"Gee, but you are in a sort of a box!" he said when he had heard the tale. Then, with a swift smile, "But it oughtn't to be hard to get you out, with two men wanting to marry and two women ready to be persuaded."

"You don't mean?" Frank began, reaching for the other hand, Challenger returned the clasp, but said oracularly, "Wait until I've seen 'em both, no buying pigs in a poke for yours truly." Then there was silence until they stood side by side upon the Craig piazza shaking hands with the two young women, whose convalescence they had interrupted. Five minutes later Challenger managed to wink at Frank unseen. And when after supper they marched away arm in arm he burst out: "It's all right—mighty right—old son! I'm with you to the last cartridge. Jocelyn has got the looks, but somehow that Amy bunch of calves is just the size I want. We've got a whole month's time to work in. Ought to be a pair of weddings at the end of it."

There were a pair of weddings, although they waited until fall. When they came off Amy was so happy that she made a beautiful Mrs. Challenger, and Mrs. Palmer, Sr., was nearly as much in love with Jocelyn as her bridegroom son.

The Tick of a Clock.

In a recent police court squabble over a clock one man testified that he could identify the timepiece in question by the tick. This statement was received with derision by most of the courtroom attaches, the magistrate included, but later a watchmaker to whose attention it had been called declared that the scoffers laughed before they knew what they were laughing at.

"Of course you can tell a clock by its tick," he said. "I don't mean that every clock has an individual tick that can be recognized by its friends, but many of them have, and a person who has owned a certain clock for a long while and has studied its style and mannerisms can, if he has a good ear, detect that particular tick among a hundred. Many clocks that are apparently made on the same plan develop peculiarities in their running gear. Some canter along at an even pace, others go by jerks and spurts. Some are stately and solemn, others frisky and gay. The ticking of clocks varies, too, in rhythm, pitch and dynamics. With all these differences in tone it is any wonder that a man who has measured his life by one clock for several years can swear even in court to its particular tick?"—New York Post.

Troublesome Children.

Everything is relative, after all, even age, yet one might suspect that the "children" of one of Mr. Muzzey's "Men of the Revolution" might have arrived at years of some discretion and proper regard for behavior.

When I saw the old soldier, says Mr. Muzzey, he was the sole survivor of those who witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill. At the age of ninety-five years he was attending a Whig celebration held at Boston in 1879, and there I met him. He was a good looking old man with a large, well shaped head, blue eyes and mild expression. His whole countenance beamed with benevolence.

I asked him if he had any children. "Oh, yes, I have two sons," he replied. "Why did you not bring them with you?"

The old man's smooth brow wrinkled into a semblance of a frown as he said: "I didn't want to be plagued with those boys on an occasion of this sort."

"Why, how old are they?" I asked, wondering if he could mean his grand-children.

"Oh, one is seventy, and the other is seventy-two. But I couldn't be bothered with them."

More Than Father.

She—I hope you were polite to papa, dear? He—Indeed I was. I gave him a cordial invitation to make his house my home.

Presence of Mind.
The following is a true story of an incident that happened in an English village:

A husband had gone out for the evening and left his wife and child at home. The woman was about to retire for the night when, to her amazement, she perceived the foot of a man beneath the bed. Instead of calling for assistance, as some would have done, she coolly went to the child's cot and sat and sang till the child went to sleep. Two hours then remained before her husband came in. He was surprised to find her waiting up, but when his wife handed him an envelope, saying, "You might run and post this," the cause of her waiting was revealed. Instead of a letter the following was written on the envelope: "A burglar is under our bed. Run, fetch police." The husband returned in a minute with a policeman, and the man was arrested. The burglar when brought up before the magistrate remarked that he had come out as a few brave women in his time, but this one must have had a nerve like iron, for she sat there for three solid hours. He had the impression that she didn't know he was there till the policeman pulled him out.

The Time to Charge.
At the taking of Moscow while the troops sat in their saddles under a murderous fire Murat, Napoleon's dashing chief of cavalry, received a dispatch to which an answer was required. Though his mettlesome horse was trembling, Murat laid the reins upon the horn of the saddle, took his notebook in one hand and a pencil in the other and began to write a response. Suddenly a shell fell and exploded on the ground close by. The horse leaped into the air and swung wildly around. Murat simply transferred the pencil to the hand that held the notebook, calmed the horse with the other hand and then went on writing his dispatch as if nothing had happened. A shout of admiration went up along the line. Murat saw that the enthusiasm aroused by his thrilling act had created a favorable moment for a charge. He gave the order, and his men swept clear through the enemy's line.

Burke and His Associates.
The free and easy manners of the political and literary friends with whom Burke associated are exhibited by a personal anecdote. He often asked his friends to sup on beefsteak or a leg of mutton. One night the house sat late, and Burke brought home to supper Fox and two or three more of the Whig politicians. Mrs. Burke's face told of the ill providedarder.

"Surely," said the host, answering his wife's look of annoyance, "there's beef enough!"

Fox and another gentleman, seeing the state of affairs, hurried off to a tavern, where they obtained such dishes as could be purchased. Amid much laughter, they returned and set the table with the food they had foraged. Burke called them the most skillful of waiters, and there was an amusing, satisfactory supper.

A Bible Legend of the Panther.
One of the oldest stories in the "Bible-stories" or stories of Bible animals written by the monks, is the legend of the panther. "The panther," so the homily runs, "is the most beautiful of all beasts. More than this, when it goes abroad it diffuses a marvelous sweet perfume. This odor is so sweet that all the other beasts and birds follow the panther wherever it goes. Wherefore the panther is a type of virtue." Perhaps the old monks who borrowed and embellished this story had heard of and misunderstood the strong love of sweet scents which the panther and its relations, the lions and leopards, often show.—London Spectator.

Meats and Weights.
It has been seriously asserted by many people that we are naturally lighter after a meal, and they have even gone the length of explaining this by the amount of gas that is developed from the food. Average observations, however, show that we lose 3 pounds 6 ounces between night and morning; that we gain 1 pound 12 ounces by breakfast; that we again lose about 14 ounces before lunch; that lunch puts on an average of a pound; that we again lose 10 ounces, but that an ordinary dinner to healthy persons adds 2 pounds 2 ounces to their weight.

Resisting Temptation.
The joy of resisting temptation is the highest joy men can feel. It is a moment when our little life here grows larger and we feel ourselves lifted into a wider sphere. We have a sense of fellowship with higher beings and are somehow conscious of their sympathy. All God's creation smiles upon us and appears made for our joy. A. B. Davidson.

The Average Is All Right.
"Their pay is shockingly small for some of our public officials," said the broadminded man.

"Yes," answered the cynic, "but it averages up. Some of the public officials are shockingly small for their pay."—Washington Star.

Returned.
"What a fault finder Jones is! And he used to have such a contented disposition before he was married."

"Yes, I heard his wife say she had married him to reform him."—Houston Post.

Right Man.
She—The man I marry must be "only a little lower than the angels." He—Suddenly dropping—Here I am on my knees, a little lower than one of them, off he goes.—New York Weekly.

Occasions do not make a man either strong or weak, but they show what he is. Thomas a Kempis.

Reformed.
"What a fault finder Jones is! And he used to have such a contented disposition before he was married."

"Yes, I heard his wife say she had married him to reform him."—Houston Post.

Returned.
"What a fault finder Jones is! And he used to have such a contented disposition before he was married."

"Yes, I heard his wife say she had married him to reform him."—Houston Post.

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Returned.
"What a fault finder Jones is! And he used to have such a contented disposition before he was married."

Flatching Shades.

Before trying to watch the example of silk the clerk asked:

"Is this a piece of something you want or something you don't want?"

"Something I want, of course," replied the customer, with asperity. "You don't suppose, do you, that I would go to all this trouble for a thing I can't use?"

"Some folk do," said the clerk. "I've met a number of them. The first woman I ever saw with that kind of bee in her bonnet had a square inch of blue silk that she wanted me to match. The scrap of silk was so small that it was hard to make comparisons, but after hauling down half the blue bolts on the shelves and running to the door several times to test the color in broad daylight I found the exact shade."

"How many yards do you want, madam?" he asked.

"Oh, said the woman, 'I don't want any. Almost any other piece will do. That particular shade is very uncommon. I just wanted to make sure that I don't get it, that's all.'"

The customer laughed. "What did you say?" she asked.

"I'd rather not tell," said the clerk. "Anyhow, since then I have been cautious. Before matching a sample now I inquire as politely as possible into a customer's intentions. If it's a case of 'don't want I don't want myself' matching the shade."—New York Press.

The Spirit of Home.

To create a home you must have the spirit of home. Just as the smallest village may have its history, its moral stamp, so the smallest home may have its soul. Oh, the spirit of places, the atmosphere which surrounds us in our homes! What a world of mystery.

Here even on the threshold the cold begins to penetrate; you are ill at ease; something intangible repulses you. There is no warmth, no good human envelop you. It is said that walls have ears. They have also voices, a mute eloquence. Everything that a dwelling contains is bathed in an ether of personality. And I find proof of its quality even in the apartments of bachelor and solitary women.

What an abyss between one room and another room!

Here all is dead, indifferent, commonplace; the device of the owner is written all over it even in his fashion of arranging his photographs and books. All is the same to me! There one breathes in animation, a contagious joy in life. The visitor's hours repeated in countless fashion. "Whoever you are, guests of an hour, I wish you well. Peace be with you!"—Charles Wagner.

The Stomach.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear a man or woman say, "There is something the matter with my stomach." They never stop to think whether they themselves are not at fault instead of the stomach. It is so easy to blame the stomach. It can't say anything back.

But the truth of the matter is the stomach is all right; nothing the matter with it at all. It is what is put into the stomach that is causing the trouble. The stomach knows when it receives something that will be injurious to the body or when it has been over-loaded, and it protests against the indigestible article or the surplus amount of food.

It is acting as a friend and sending out a warning against this abuse. But instead of being grateful to the stomach and leaving off the indigestible food and the big dinners the man or the woman continues to load it with pleads cake, pickles and sauces, pork and paucakes and all sorts of horrid things, and then they complain that there is something the matter with their stomachs.—London Mail.

As the Boy Understood it.
"During the taking of a religious census of the District of Columbia the past winter," relates a Representative from Tennessee, "a couple of young ladies who were engaged in the work stopped at my home on Capitol Hill, and when the door bell rang it was answered by the negro boy I brought from Tennessee with me. The ladies asked him:

"Will you please tell me who lives here?"

"Yesum; Mistah Johnson," was the answer.

"Is he a Christian?"

"No, Ma'am. He's er Congressman from Tennessee."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Isn't this a hard of a bonnet?" asked she.

"It is more than that," replied the young man; "it is the bonnet of a bird."

After which the course of true love ran smoothly.—Houston Post.

Caller—Denise, how do you feel after the ball?

Miss Lightfoot—Oh, I feel just as bad as I look.

Caller—Mercy! Do you, really?—Detroit Free Press.

Magistrate—"You are bound over to keep the peace towards all his Majesty's subjects."

Prisoner—"Then heaven help the fast further I mean."—London Tit Bits.

She—I hid a five dollar bill in this dictionary yesterday, and I can't find it anywhere.

He—Did you look among the V's dear?—Youkers Statesman.

"So the specialist said you'd have to give up smoking for a while, eh?"

"Yes, and he also said I'd have to give up \$15 for good."—Collier's Weekly.

Slim—Do the Snob-Sons hyphenate their name.

Jim—They do, yes. Other people put the dash before it.—Detroit Free Press.

"They must be prospering."

"Yes, I notice his wife is wearing uglier hats than ever before."—San Francisco Examiner.

Whither—How long did that last dinner last?

Mrs. Whither—Three cooks.—Collier's Weekly.

Cordella—Yes, I screamed when George kissed me.

Pauline—Each time or only once?—Chicago News.

MASS OF SORES

Awful Suffering of Little Boy
from an Itching Humour

CURED BY CUTICURA

Not One Square Inch of Skin on
His Whole Body Unaffected

"My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the scabs from the poor child were heart-breaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy than ever saw than he is to-day." ROBERT WATTAM, 4922 Center Ave., Chicago, Ill., Dec. 30, 1897.

HUNDRED KILLED

Fire Followed Tornado at Snyder, Oklahoma

FEW BUILDINGS LEFT

Debris Carried by Wind to Towns Many Miles Away—Twenty Percent of Wounded Will Die—Storm Was Short

Guthrie, O. T., May 12.—The death list of Wednesday night's tornado at Snyder probably will reach over 100 persons. Eighty-five bodies have been recovered, a dozen persons are missing and given up for dead, and of the 41 seriously wounded several are likely to die. More than 100 other persons suffered less severe injuries.

It is being sent from neighboring towns. Oklahoma City sent 100 men to dig graves and seek the dead still in the ruins and a dozen undertakers with 100 coffins. Offers of financial assistance have come from several cities.

Governor Ferguson of Oklahoma has issued a proclamation calling attention to the needs of the stricken town.

It is still difficult to obtain information from Snyder. A single telegraph wire furnishes an outlet, but it is blocked with private messages concerning the dead and injured.

To add to the general confusion and distress after the tornado had passed, fire broke out and burned up all that remained of the buildings in one of the business blocks. So far, it has not been possible to find out whether any bodies were cremated.

An unidentified woman was picked up dead, having been pinned to the ground by a large silver which entered her left eye and came out through the back of her head. Clarence Donovan, a railroad engineer, and Miss Nina Fessenden were to have been married Wednesday night, but had just postponed the nuptials until yesterday morning. Both were instantly killed by the storm. Fred Crump, a boy, had started to a cellar when a flying timber decapitated him.

Debris was carried northeast as far as Coopersburg, 12 miles, and it is reported that there are more fragments at that town than in the tornado path at Snyder.

The mayor of Snyder is having much trouble arranging for the burial of the dead. The confusion is great, owing to the fact that there are a number of unidentified bodies at the morgues. There is much suffering owing to the lack of provisions and places to stay. What houses remain in the town are in bad condition and unsafe for habitation. Besides there is not room enough to care for the homeless. Bedding and wearing apparel are both lacking and, despite the effort to succor the unfortunate, they are still in a pitiable condition.

Many of the wounded could not be cared for or given medical aid until 9 o'clock yesterday morning and by that time their wounds were aggravated. Dr. York of Holart, who was active in relieving the suffering, says that 20 percent of the wounded will die.

The havoc wrought by the tornado is astonishing. Out of a town that housed 1000 persons not more than a score of houses are intact. The storm formed south of Okfuskee, near the Texas line, and took a northeasterly course through a well settled region. At 8 o'clock it was observed by the people of Snyder, but the usual funnel-shaped formation was lacking, and though the roar was plainly heard for some time before the storm broke, many were of the opinion that it was a hailstorm.

Within a few minutes the sky suddenly became dark and a terrific down-pour of rain began, lasting for several minutes. Then the rain stopped almost as suddenly as it had started. For a few moments an ominous calm followed, and then the tornado struck, tearing buildings to pieces as though they were made of paper.

In a few moments the tornado was all over and the air was filled with shrieks of the injured, mingled with the cries of those who had escaped and were seeking lost ones. Within a short time messengers were dispatched to Mountain Park, three miles away, where the news was sent by telephone to Holart.

Able-bodied survivors in Snyder worked heroically all through the night amid heartrending scenes. A building was utilized for a temporary hospital and another as a morgue. The latter, a drygoods building, presented a gruesome appearance when day dawned, with the corpses lying like above tier on the shelves.

Carried Sixty Miles by Wind
Fort Cobb, O. T., May 12.—Many law books, letters, photographs, bank books and papers have been picked up here, having been blown from Snyder, a distance of 60 miles. The storm did little damage here.

A Kansas Tornado
Topeka, May 12.—A tornado struck Overbrook, 12 miles southeast of Topeka, and wrecked several houses and barns and unroofed others. So far as known no one was killed.

Athletics vs. Studies
Philadelphia, May 11.—J. R. Taylor, Jr., a negro, the inter-collegiate quarter-mile champion and record holder, has been dropped from his class at the University of Pennsylvania because of his being behind in his studies.

Mrs. Margaret A. Russell, widow of Governor William E. Russell of Massachusetts, was married at Cambridge, Mass., to Dr. Michael G. Foster of London.

General James Miller, U. S. A., retired, on duty with the New Hampshire National Guard as assistant inspector general, has applied to the war department to be relieved from such duty.

LIMBS BURNED OFF

Awful Suffering of Victims of Dynamite Wreck

WHOLE TRAIN IS BURNED

Would-Be Rescuers Hear Heart-rending Cries of Dying Passengers, but Are Compelled to Look Helplessly On

Harrisburg, May 12.—Twenty persons are known to be dead and more than 100 others were injured in the railroad wreck and dynamite explosion which occurred early yesterday on the Pennsylvania railroad in the southern part of this city. That no more persons were killed is considered remarkable by the Pennsylvania railroad officials, as a full box of dynamite exploded directly at the middle of the heavy express train.

A scene of horror followed the explosion of the dynamite. The passenger cars and some of the freight cars instantly took fire. As the reverberation of the terrific explosion died away in the hills across the Susquehanna river, the agonizing cries of the injured could be heard. Men and women came tumbling and climbing from the car windows, or crawled from under the wreckage.

No one for the moment seemed to know what to do and many of the passengers, momentarily seized with terror, ran wildly about the fields on the north side of the railroad or waded into the shallow waters of the river, which parallels the railroad on the south. Realizing their safety and the danger still threatening others, the frightened passengers turned in and began the rescue of the living. As they approached the wreck another explosion occurred which sent them scurrying away. Fearing that the entire freight train might be loaded with dynamite, no one dared go near the wreck. Finally the railroad men who knew the contents of the burning freight train led the way and the uninjured passengers followed.

The work of rescue was at first slow and it seemed as though the masses would envelop the entire express train before those who were pinned beneath the heavy wreckage could be freed. Everywhere there came cries for help, and the frantic rescuers worked with willing hands. Scores of those who were trapped in their sleeping berths or pinned under wreckage were taken out badly hurt.

The advancing fire drove the rescuers back as they were about to take others from the wreck and the unfortunate, men and women, were soon enveloped in the flames. The cries of the dying were heartrending in the extreme, but nothing could be done for them. An alarm of fire was sent in, but when the firemen reached the scene the flames had done their work so far as the victims of the wreck were concerned. The entire train was consumed by fire.

After the victims in the wreck were beyond human aid, more attention was paid to the injured, who presented a pitiable sight as they lay in the field or on the banks of the river. With the firemen came a corps of physicians from the city and the work of attending the injured began in earnest. As quickly as they were temporarily relieved of pain from burns or other injuries they were placed on special trains and trolley cars and rushed to the hospital here.

Several hundred railroad laborers were on the spot within an hour and by daylight their number had been increased to a thousand. It was a gruesome task for the railroad men. Not one whole body was found in the wreck. Either an arm or a leg or all four limbs were burned off the trunk and in several cases only portions of the trunks were found. Ten charred bodies were found under one Pullman car. It is the belief of the railroad officials that if the explosion had not occurred, there probably would have been no loss of life.

Millionaire Wins Hello Girl
New York, May 9.—December and May were united in St. Cecilia's church, Brooklyn, when E. K. Whitney, 70 years of age, a Montreal asphalt promoter, and Miss Annie Bennett, 23 years of age, formerly a telephone operator, were married by Fr. McGoldrick. The groom's engagement present to his fiancée was \$100,000, and he also gave her \$15,000 for her trousseau.

Not of "Millionaire's Club"
Meriden, Conn., May 10.—John W. Coe of this city has been appointed administrator of the estate of the late Senator Platt. The senator left no will, but the total value of his estate is not believed to be large. His property here is valued at \$15,000 and he also owned a residence in Washington, Conn.

Suicide in Shallow Pond
Wallingford, Vt., May 11.—The body of Miss Nancy Cleghorn, aged 54, was found in 10 inches of water in Fox pond. That Miss Cleghorn had ended her own life was evident from the contents of a note which she left for her sister. She had been despondent because of ill-health.

Kishineff Disorders Quieted
Kishineff, May 11.—The rural disorders in the Kishineff district, during which 4000 peasants seized the lands of the Gonet estate and began to cultivate them, have been quieted.

Andrew Carnegie was ordered to Radcliffe college the sum of \$75,000 for a library building on condition that an equal sum shall be raised among alumnae and friends of the college for endowment of the library.

The appeal of the defense in the case of Frank Sherrie, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Ruess of Somersville, Conn., has been filed at Hartford.

SHOT AT DOG, HIT OWNER

Accident Which May Cost a Brattleboro Man His Life

Brattleboro, Vt., May 12.—In attempting to kill a dog that was supposed to be affected with rabies, George Smith last night accidentally shot James Donahue, the owner of the animal, inflicting a wound that may prove fatal.

Donahue, who is a teamster, was driving on Canal street when his dog was suddenly seized with convulsions. Believing him to be mad, Donahue seized the animal and held him until a rope was brought with which he was tied to a telephone pole. Smith, who was passing, borrowed a revolver at a nearby house, and after firing one shot at the dog, fired again and the ball entered Donahue's side, lodging near the spine. Donahue was taken to a hospital, where his injuries are considered very serious.

Beautiful Girl Died Strangely
Boston, May 12.—Emelina Primachi, 20 years of age, regarded as the most beautiful girl in the Italian colony, died at the relief hospital from a mysterious cause. The doctors at the hospital refuse to attempt to diagnose her case and the medical examiner will hold an autopsy. She was taken to the hospital Sunday night suffering from hemorrhages. The doctors were unable to stop the attacks and the girl slowly died to death. The police have begun an investigation of the case.

Objects to Big Commission

Boston, May 12.—Attorney General Parker appeared before the ways and means committee of the legislature to argue in behalf of a resolve which has for its object the prevention of payment of a 10 percent commission to John H. Cotton, who holds a warrant on the United States treasury for \$100,000 back claims due this state which he still not deliver until a commission of 10 percent has been paid him. The matter will be discussed further.

Says Frie d Fe. Own-board

Boston, May 12.—Charles Darling, 45 years old, fell from a railroad bridge at South Boston last evening. The man's disappearance was reported to the police by Herbert A. Estes, who said he was walking across "dizzy bridge" with Darling when the latter suddenly stumbled and fell into the stream below. The police could find no trace of the body and they are trying to solve the mysterious disappearance of Darling.

More Fires in Plymouth County

Plymouth, Mass., May 12.—Three forest fires, one a revival of the great fire which destroyed \$75,000 worth of timber in Plymouth county, and two new ones, believed to have been started by sparks from a passing locomotive, raged out the fire-fighters again yesterday. At sunset all three fires were practically out, but a large number of men were employed late last night in patrolling the burned area.

Delay in Rogers Hearing

Montpelier, Vt., May 12.—Counsel for Mrs. Mary M. Rogers, under sentence of death for the murder of her husband, appeared before the judges of the supreme court last night and asked for an extension of time in which to prepare her case. The hearing had been set for May 17, and the attorneys asked that it be delayed until May 23. The court consented to a delay of two days only.

What a Spark Did

Mansfield, Mass., May 12.—Fire started, it is thought, by sparks from a passing locomotive, last night destroyed a barn connected with a livery stable and caused damage to eight houses which were set fire by embers from the original blaze. The total loss is about \$10,000. The occupants of the houses sustained considerable loss through water and the hasty removal of their effects.

Charged With Counterfeiting

Waterville, Me., May 12.—Fred Billideau of Oakland, who was arrested by the officers of that town on the charge of counterfeiting, was taken to Augusta last night and will be given a hearing there. Counterfeit nickels have been turning up in the vicinity of Oakland for some time. The officers found several alleged bad coins in Billideau's possession, but no tools for making them.

Tech Faculty Oppose Merger

Boston, May 12.—The Herald says that the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, by a vote of 37 to 5, has placed its stamp of disapproval on the proposed alliance of the institute with Harvard university. This vote is the first that has been made by any body of Technology men since the alliance was proposed.

THE ARANSAS WRECK

Only Person Drowned May Have Been a Suicide

Boston, May 9.—A score of those who were on board the Joy line steamer Aransas, which was sunk by the barge Glendower in Vineyard sound, early Sunday morning, have returned to Boston. Nearly all told the story of one of the most remarkable accidents of the kind to recent years and admitted that they considered themselves extremely lucky to be alive to tell of their experiences. Most of them were without the clothing they had on when they left Boston and in their place they wore articles of wearing apparel which had been provided them at Vineyard Haven.

The Aransas left her berth here at 5:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon, with a passenger list of 36 and a crew of 26. Of this total of 62, all but one were saved. The one drowned was Anna Field. Of late she is said to have been a waitress. While the passengers were being saved she was drowned, and at first it was thought as the result of the accident, but the officers of the company now insist that the woman committed suicide. They say that during the entire trip the woman had been acting in a despondent way.

WOMAN'S CLAIM

Receiver Is Appointed For a Brokerage Concern

ACTION WAS UNEXPECTED

Defendants Did Not Know of Pendency of Proceedings—Sweeping Injunction Against Haight & Freese

Boston, May 10.—Judge Colt, in the United States supreme court, appointed James D. Colt as receiver for the brokerage concern of Haight & Freese, a New York house, whose principal Boston office is at 85 State street, but which has a branch office on Summer street and other offices in many different cities in New England and the central states.

The receivership and a sweeping injunction were granted after an ex parte hearing on a bill of complaint brought by Anna L. H. Weiss of Needham, administratrix of the estate of Charles Weiss. The complainant alleges that her husband lost \$5220 as a result of his dealings with the firm.

The property of the concern is tied up by a rigid injunction, all persons connected with it who are named in the bill being restrained from transferring or disposing in any way of the money, etc., belonging to the corporation, though standing in any of their names.

Mrs. Weiss alleged in her complaint that although authorized by its charter to buy and sell stocks, it executed no orders except when it became necessary to do so for the purpose of covering up and concealing the real nature of its business. All transactions, she alleges, were entirely fictitious and fraudulent.

Mrs. Weiss further alleges that her husband paid into the concern between Sept. 2, 1902, and Jan. 31, 1905, various sums to the amount of \$5280 which were fraudulently induced. Charles Weiss died on Feb. 17, 1905. An employee of the company, says Mrs. Weiss in her complaint, told her there was due but \$110.

The petitioner alleges that there is due her the sum of \$5220 with interest. She adds in her complaint: "Many others were induced to believe that the defendant is engaged in legitimate business, whereas in fact the said business is a mere swindling device known as a 'bucketshop'."

Mrs. Weiss also alleges that the concern has had large profits, that it keeps no regular books of account and had a large number of creditors. There are not enough assets, she declares, to pay the claim. They carry on business, she says, from day to day by means of the money from customers dealing with it.

The defendant company did not know anything of the pendency of the proceedings until the receiver took possession, and the company and its officers were purposely kept in ignorance of the bill and its prayers.

Rarely does the court appoint a receiver and restrain defendants from doing acts on an ex parte hearing where no notice of any kind has been given to the defendants, but this extraordinary course is pursued when the court is led to believe that the ends of justice or the purpose of the bill might be defeated, were an inkling of its purpose given by the parties against whom it is brought.

In this case the company and its officers were kept entirely in the dark. The court was told that it would be hazardous to allow the company to receive notice of the matter, lest when the receiver went to take possession of the property he would find little or no money on deposit. With a view to preclude the persons interested in the company from removing any of the property of the company, if they were so inclined, the court appointed the receiver and made the decree embodying the restraint order on a strictly ex parte hearing.

Receiver in Main Office

New York, May 10.—On complaint of Wridgway Bowker of Camden, N. J., Judge Lacombe has appointed W. D. Edmunds of New York and J. D. Colt of Boston receivers in this state of the Haight & Freese company.

Ninety-Cent Gas For Boston

Boston, May 9.—The Boston consolidated gas bill was passed to be engrossed by the Massachusetts house without a division. This measure provides for the consolidation of all Boston gas concerns, fixes the capital stock and orders the price of gas reduced from \$1 to 90 cents a thousand.

Water Supplies Are Impure

Rutland, Vt., May 10.—President Caverly of the state board of health announces that warnings are to be sent to the cities of Burlington and Vergennes and the towns of St. Johnsbury, Enosburg Falls and Swanton, to the effect that the water supplies must be purified, or else the board will shut off the water on June 1, 1906. By the statutes, the board of health is given the right to govern town and city water supplies.

Probable Suicide of Student

New Haven, May 10.—Arthur Haseerot, a Yale scolar, living in Cleveland, was found dead in his room in one of the campus dormitories and an investigation into the case is being conducted. Haseerot's body was found by one of his roommates. A revolver was found near Haseerot's side and a bullet wound in his head. Indications point to suicide.

Navarro Indicted For Murder

Portland, Me., May 10.—The grand jury has indicted Carmine Navarro, charging the murder of Alphonse Rummo, a fellow Italian. Navarro was arrested at Brooklyn and Inspector Barrels of that place was among those who appeared before the jury in the case.

Industrial Trust Company.

SUMMARY OF CONDITIONS MAY 1, 1905.

Capital, \$3,000,000 00 Surplus, \$4,000,000 00
Undivided Profits, 444,472 80 Deposits, 37,954,266 46

The Capital of this Company and the Guaranty Fund deposited with the Treasurer of the State of Rhode Island, are each three times greater than that of any other Rhode Island Banking Institution, and its Surplus is more than double that of any Rhode Island Banking Institution.

We invite new customers, both large and small. We pay 4 percent on Participation (Savings) Accounts and a liberal rate on Certificates of Deposits.

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If you are satisfied with the Coffee you are using don't try our

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174 to 176 BROADWAY.

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138 Thames Street.

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Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Names and dates must be in consistent with the facts. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the name of the querist. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the name of the querist. 7. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TULLEY, care Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1905.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

(Continued.)

Nov. 15, 1604, nuncupative will of John Bingley, made before Nathaniel Fitzrandolph, Senr., and Nathaniel Fitzrandolph, Jr., leaving his estate to his father, brother and sister, with a legacy to Sarah Parker, whom he was about to marry. Proved Dec. 18, 1604; Inventory taken by Elisha Parker and Robert Gilchrist being 44 pounds and 17 shillings. John Bingley was executor and his son William went on the bond, both of Woodbridge, N. J. William Bingley was father of John Bingley.

Again we learn of Sarah Parker in disbursements on account of death of Peter Harvey, made Nov. 20, 1694, by John Day, naming William Atkinson, Peter Marriot, John Parkhurst, George Shion, Bridget Geyer, Rem Shion, Sarah Parker, Mahlon Stacy, John Gibb, John Antram, Mathew Champion, Doctor Peachy, a coffin for the wife and child of said Peter Harvey, one month old, and another child two and one half years old. John Day, administrator was brother-in-law to Peter Harvey. (Liber I. p. 184).

This Harvey "disbursement" by a legacy to Sarah Parker came in this manner: Anthony (1) Slocum md. Harvey, sister of William Harvey, learned from a letter written by Anthony Slocum in Dartmouth, Mass., to his brother-in-law, William Harvey in Taunton, Mass. This William Harvey married Joane Hucker of Cohasset, Apl. 2, 1639. Anthony Slocum believed to have been married before he came over. Giles Slocum, son of this Anthony, received a deed of land from Thomas (2) Cooke, and Thomas (1) Cooke's second wife was Mary, perhaps Slocum, sister of Giles (2) Slocum, Anthony (1) Slocum, because Thomas Cooke in his will, speaks of his land bounded partly by brother Giles Slocum, who must have been a brother-in-law, as a widow, she married again in 1680, as his second wife, Jeremiah Brown (Chad).

Here seems a Cooke, Slocum and Harvey relationship, but how Peter Harvey was related to William Harvey I did not find. But Nov. 4, 1694 Peter Harvey was made trustee of estate of Samuel Osborne, with wife Jane, Samuel calling him brother-in-law in his will of that date.

There was a Peter Parker son of Joseph Parker, as given in will of John Slocum made Apl. 6, 1698; proved Feb. 2, 1702, he of Shrewsbury, mentions wife Meribah, cousin John (nephew), son of brother Nathaniel Slocum, cousin Peter, son of Joseph Parker, cousin Patience Tucker, R. Land at Long Branch Creek; wife executrix; Witnessed at house of George Hulet, Apl. 12, 1698, by Gawdie Drummond and John Hulet. Inventory taken by Joseph Wardell and William West.

John Slocum's brother, Nathaniel Slocum, made his will, July 22, 1702, he of Shrewsbury; mentions wife Hannah (born Tucker); sons Samuel, John; daughters Sarah, Meribah, Elizabeth, Naomi, Mary; Witnesses, Robert Parker, Meribah Slocum, Samuel Dennis, John Slocum's sister Johannah (3) Slocum md. Jacob Mott, and received a deed from her father of three fourths of one share of lands at Shrewsbury. Jacob Mott and Peleg Slocum, brother to the wife of Jacob, who was a Quaker minister, undertook to build a Meeting House for Friends in Dartmouth, where Peleg lived, but owned land in Monmouth, which place he too visited in his capacity as preacher. Johannah (Slocum) Mott's sister Mary Slocum md. as his first wife Abraham Parker (Henry).

Salter in his Hist. of Monmouth Co. calls John Slocum Capt. John, md. Meribah Parker, sister of Peter and Joseph Parker, and that Capt. John Slocum died without issue. Hence his will. And that the Monmouth Slocums descended from his brother Nathaniel Slocum, whose children are named in will of Capt. John Slocum.

John took oath of allegiance at Newarsh, but is named after that in Freehold records. Giles bought of John Wood of Newport, R. I. a share of land Feb. 25, 1670.

Other Slocums held land in New Jersey. For Peleg Slocum, in 1693 had return of survey made by Daniel Leeds, of 500 acres along the old Indian line between John Pancoast and Richard Harrison. I find John Pancoast with his brother William, brothers to Sarah Bolton (Bolton), mentioned in will of husband of Sarah, Edward Bolton of Manchester Township, Burlington Co., N. J., which will was made Sept. 28, 1718, the brothers Pancoast executors with sister Sarah, wife heirs of estate of her husband, Thomas Potte and Thomas Scattergood, advisers and trustees. Witnesses John Wetherill, Henry Cook (who was his father). This same Henry Cook mentioned in inventory of estate of Henry Brigham of Burlington, taken May 20, 1714, of 81 pounds, including bonds of Thomas Middleton, Henry Cook and Thomas Wilson). Thomas Scattergood was related to the Pancoasts by the marriage of his daughter Hannah into that family.

Feb. 25, 1694, William Biddle of Burlington Co., gave a deed to Peleg Slocum, coine of Rhode Island, yeoman, for 500 acres in W. J., being endorsed by Daniel Leeds (W. J. Rec. Liber B. p. 282).

Mention has been made of Lydia Wardell marrying William Biddle, Jr., to which can be added that he was son of William Biddle, in England, as William Biddle in 1630; a. 1712; came 1681; was an army officer, but joined the Quakers and was Councillor of W. J. Assembly; had 4200 acres of land in Jersey in 1682; md. Sarah Kemp, who died 1709, aged 75; their son William Biddle Jr., who md. Mary Wendell

was b. at Mount Hope W. Jersey 1670 and d. there 1748, owned much land; their son John Biddle, b. 1707; d. at Phila. 1788; and md. 1788 Sarah (Owen, dau. Owen Owen) whose son Clement was a Col. in the Revolution and was present at battles of Princeton, Germantown, Brandywine and Monmouth. His wife was first Mary Richardson and second Rebecca Cornell dau. of Gideon of Rhode Island, where he was a chief justice. William Biddle Senr., made his will June 28, 1711, of Mount Hope, Burlington Co. N. J.; mentions son William who has wife Lydia (Wardell) and has children Thomas, Elizabeth, Sarah, Penelope, and Lydia Biddle, all under age; cousin Thomas Biddle and children Thomas, Sarah and Rachel, all under 21; grandsons Joseph and John Biddle, both under age; legacies to William and to son of Clement Plumstead of Philadelphia; legacy to cousin Dorothy Sherwin and William Saterthwaite, Home farm, called Mount Hope of 500 acres, Biddle's Island in Delaware River, opposite home farm of 1500 acres to be taken up in West Jersey.

ADDITION TO No. 105, Issue of April 22, 1905, contributed by Joseph H. Dennis.—Arnold's Vital Records of Newport County, R. I., p. 118, of Little Compton says:

John Dennis, son of Robert and Susanna (Briggs) Dennis, b. June 24, 1706; md. Hannah Wilbur, (b. Feb. 9, 1709, and d. Dec. 1, 1754) dau. Samuel Wilbur, (b. 1664 and d. 1740), and Mary (Potter) dau. Nathaniel and Elizabeth Potter, son of William Wilbur of Portsmouth, R. I., who d. 1710, a weaver.

Children of John and Hannah (Wilbur) Dennis were:

1. Robert Dennis b. Dec. 14, 1732.
2. Thomas Dennis b. Nov. 9, 1734.
3. Susanna Dennis b. Jan. 29, 1737.
4. Humphrey Dennis b. Oct. 8, 1739.
5. Shadrack Dennis b. Feb. 19, 1743.
6. Jerusha Dennis b. March 17, 1747.
7. Samuel Dennis b. — 1749.
8. Redford Dennis b. — 1751.
9. Lucy Dennis b. — 1753.

Thus if this John Dennis, son of Robert and Susanna (Briggs) son of Robert and Sarah (Howland) Dennis, married Rebecca West in 1706, it was his second marriage.

Arnold's Vital Records under Little Compton and Tiverton gives children of Robert and Susanna (Briggs) Dennis as follows:

1. Comfort, b. Mar. 12, 1703.
2. Anna, b. July 3, 1704.
3. John, b. June 24, 1706.
4. Humphrey, b. May 12, 1708.
5. Thomas, b. Mar. 17, 1710.
6. Tabitha, b. Sept. 3, 1712.
7. Sarah, b. Nov. 2, 1716.
8. Lydia, b. Feb. 18, 1718.
9. Elizabeth, b. Feb. 18, 1718.
10. Deborah, b. Mar. 12, 1721-2.
11. Mary, b. Nov. 3, 1723.

This shows Thomas to have been born 1710 and not 1725.—H. R. C.

NORTHWOOD, N. H., DEATHS.

Wife of Capt. Asa Bickford, ag. 35 y., July 12, 1826.

John Bickford, Jr., 20 y. July 14, 1826.

Sally Bonnet, 29 y. Sept. 18, 1826.

William Brown of Benj., 3 y. Oct. 10, 1826.

Mrs. Bickford, 86 y. Nov. 6, 1826.

Ruben Brown, 65 y. Dec. 21, 1826.

Dau. of Ruben Brown, 16 y. Jan. 20, 1827.

Polly Batchelder, wife of Abraham, 44 y. Apr. 1, 1827.

Deacon Increase Batchelder, 81 y. July 7, 1827.

Samuel Bartlett, 75 or 6 y. Aug. 23, 1827.

Child of John Eliot Brown, 4 mos. Aug. 25, 1827.

Widow Anna Batchelder, 82 y. Sept. 13, 1827.

Joseph Batchelder, 50 y. Oct. 6, 1827.

Deborah Bickford, 66 y. Feb. 13, 1828.

Child of Simon Batchelder Jr., 1 y. Sept. 22, 1828.

Jabez Barnell (sic) 49 y. June 18, 1814.

Son of Elijah Carswell, 6 mos. May 19, 1823.

David Clarke, 45 y. Feb. 18, 1824.

Ann Chesley, 12 y. May 22, 1824.

Sarah Careyell, 11 mos. of Elijah, June 2, 1825.

Elijah Carswell, 37 y. Mar. 7, 1826.

Mary wd. of John Crockett, 61 y. Apr. 21, 1826.

Only son of Wm. Crockett, 3 y. Feb. 19, 1825.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

5215. BARTLETT—Want ancestry of Thakful Bartlett of Guilford (?), who in Salisbury, Conn., by Pastor Lee was married to Cotton Fletcher, Sept. 19, 1756.—H. H. C.

5216. RICE—The ancestry is desired of Mary, wife of Thomas, son of the first Edmund Rice of Marlborough, Mass.

Also of Patience Rice, who as second wife, married in 1691, Ebenezer Leland or Layland, of Holliston or Sherborn, Mass. They had Isaac Leland, born Ap. 19, 1702, and married Mary Hunt.—H. H. C.

5217. LELAND. LAYLAND—Want ancestry of Henry Leland of Essex Co., Eng., who went to Holland and thence to Plymouth, Mass., in 1623.—H. H. C.

5218. BADCOCK. BADCOCK—Want ancestry of Margaret Badcock or Babcock, wife of the above Henry Leland, and daughter of David Badcock, of Dorchester, Mass. They were married about 1652. What was the profession or trade of Henry Badcock and Henry and Ebenezer Leland?—H. H. C.

5219. HALLSTONE. HAYLSTONE—Want ancestry of William Hallstone and wife of Taunton, Mass. They were parents of Margaret Hallstone, who on Oct. 14, 1659, married Samuel Fletcher of Concord, Mass., or vicinity.—H. H. C.

5220. SANFORD. GRINNELL—Who were the parents of Mary Sanford, who married in 1726, William Grinnell (Richard? Daniel? Matthew?), and who was born June 4, 1705, according to the family record? She is stated to have been a granddaughter of John and Mary (Gorton) Greene Sanford. Their son John is recorded as her father, the mother, Frances Clarke (Jeremiah, Jeremiah), but Frances died 1703. It is possible that the birth date of Mary should be 1703, and that her mother was Frances, who died at her birth. In Vital Records of R. I., John Sanford who married Frances is recorded son of Samuel and Sarah of Portsmouth; and marriage of William and Mary (Sanford) Grinnell in two places with wrong date 1703 (birth date) instead of 1726. Who can give authentic record?—L. B. C.

Mrs. Reginald C. Vandenberg is much improved after her recent illness.

Brown University.

The program of the Brown University Commencement is now practically complete. The exercises will include four days, extending from June 18th to June 21st. On Sunday, the 18th, the Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by President Farnum at 4:30 o'clock in the First Baptist Meeting House. Monday is Class Day. At 10:30 a. m., exercises in Sayles Hall, with an address by Charles H. Klingman, Jamestown, N. Y., President of the Senior Class; oration by Glenn William Woodin, Blodgett's Mills, N. Y.; Poem by Charles S. Mitchell, West Long Branch, N. J. At 1:30 p. m., baseball game, Brown vs. Holy Cross; 3:30 concert on the front campus by Reeves' American Band and Fraternity teas. At 4:00 on the front campus, Under the Elms Exercises; addresses by Jesse M. Gathany, Hallowell, Me., and Frederick E. Hawkins, Providence; address to Undergraduates, Leonard Wolsey Cronkrite, Newton Centre, Mass.; and address by President Farnum. At 8:00 p. m., Promenade Concert and Illumination of College Grounds; Fraternity dances, and Senior Ball.

On Tuesday, June 20th, the Annual Business Meeting of Rhode Island Alpha of Phi Beta Kappa will be held at 8:30. At 10:30 at Pembroke Hall the Ivy Day exercises of the Women's College will be held. At 2:30 comes the annual meeting of the Associated Alumni. At 4:00 an address before the Phi Beta Kappa will be delivered by Hammond Lamont, A. M., of the New York Evening Post—subject: "The Daily in a Democracy." At 8:00 p. m., in Pembroke Hall reception by members of the Senior Class in the Women's College. On Wednesday, June 21st, occurs the 137th Annual Commencement, with conferring of degrees in course, honorary announcement of prizes, etc. At 1 p. m., Commencement dinner; at 4:00 p. m., baseball game, Brown vs. Class of '96 Team; at 8:00 in Sayles Hall, President's reception.

The University Library has received from A. Appleton Packard, Esq., of Boston, approximately 1500 volumes and 3000 pamphlets from the library of the late Professor Alpheus S. Packard, LL. D., presented by the son as a memorial to his father, who was for more than 25 years a professor in the University. The books and pamphlets are of great value, and many of them are rare. They treat chiefly the subjects of Zoology, particularly Entomology, Geology and Anthropology.

The Executive Committee of the Women's College have appointed a committee to secure plans and specifications for the new gymnasium to be erected during the summer.

Brown University has recently by vote of the Faculty become a member of the College Entrance Examination Board, whose headquarters are in New York City. This board is already offering examinations in all the eastern states, and its examinations in the future may be substituted for the examinations held by Brown University.

The following have been engaged to teach in the University next year: Mr. Henry B. Drown, Brown 1903, will be connected with the department of Civil Engineering during the absence of Professor Hill. Mr. Ernest T. Paine, Brown 1901, has been engaged as instructor in Greek. Mr. Paine has during the past year been engaged in archaeological study in Athens. H. E. Haydon '05 was awarded the Gaston Prize of \$100 for excellence in oratory at the contest in Manning Hall Monday evening.

Middletown.

St. Columba's Guild was entertained by Mrs. Joseph Albino Thursday afternoon.

The family of Mr. Henry Howard of Brookline, Mass., arrived the first of May to occupy "Whetstone," near Second beach, for the season.

The engagement is announced of Dr. Walter Lincoln Chase, formerly of Middletown, to Miss Florence Baker Snow, of Dorchester, Mass.

At the Berkeley Memorial Chapel Sunday, there will be a baptism at the 11 o'clock service and at 4 p. m. Rt. Rev. Bishop McVicar will administer the rite of confirmation.

Mr. Robert Patterson, who recently resigned his position as mail carrier, is in New York, where he expects to take up electrical engineering. His position is being temporarily filled by Mr. Chester A. Sherman.

The last of the social evenings to be given this season by the Epworth League will occur Saturday night, the 20th, at the vestry of the Methodist Episcopal church. Miss Ida Jones Moulton, an interesting musical entertainer and impersonator, has been secured as a leading feature of the evening.

Rev. and Mrs. George E. Brightman entertained their son, Edgar S. Brightman, and a classmate from Brown University Sunday last. Owing to Mrs. Brightman's continued illness, the reception to be tendered her husband and herself had to be postponed. She was out Wednesday for the first time since her arrival at the parsonage Easter week.

An interesting "Parlor Meeting" was held in the Methodist Episcopal vestry Wednesday evening, by the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Mrs. Alfred W. Chase, for many years the president of this Union, and now of Newport, presented an extremely interesting account of her trip and of the doings of the National W. C. T. U. at Philadelphia, she having attended the convention as a delegate from Rhode Island. Music was furnished by Mrs. Ida Brown, and Miss Sadie E. Peckham, Miss Sadie E. Peckham accompanying; there was also an interesting musical duet, "The Ribbon White," by the young Misses Charabell Grinnell and Ivah Sisson. Interesting readings formed a part of the programme and light refreshments were served.

Kenyon L. Butterfield, president of the Kingston Agricultural College, was present at Aquidneck Grange Thursday evening and gave an interesting address. A chafing dish supper was served.

Arbor Day exercises were observed at the various schools Friday.

Jamestown.

The Gardner house has opened for the season.

The prospects look bright for a good season, many cottages being rented and a more frequent demand for the rentals than in several seasons past.

The great Comanicut Park Monday killed a number of valuable trees. They were formerly the property of the late Mr. L. D. Davis.

If It's Only a Penny's Worth

Let us show you how much more enjoyment that penny will get for you here than anywhere else. 3 big stores to buy for, that's why we're able to sell these pretty things at such little prices. We never agree to sell things that are worth \$10 for \$6.98. No one can afford to do that; but we do agree to give you 100 cents worth of merchandise for every dollar you leave with us, and that dollar will get for you here what you'd pay \$1.25 for in any other store.

Dining Tables.

Just compare this with what you find elsewhere and see if it isn't so. A round top of as pretty quartered oak as you've ever seen with a surface like a mirror and 45 in. in diameter; a pillar base with broad spreading feet. Extends 6 feet and will easily seat eight people. \$13.50

The whole stock of samples comprises 88 patterns from \$4.35 to \$50.

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NEWPORT, R. I., March 15, 1905.
WILLIAM E. BRIGHTMAN, Esq., Newport, R. I.
Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your draft for \$200, being payment in full for 26 weeks' disability from typhoid fever.
It has given me much satisfaction to know I possessed a health policy to the Maryland, and the adjustment of my claim by the Company has been perfectly satisfactory and prompt.
I now have reason to know the value of good insurance in a good company, and wish you every success.
Thanking you for your kindness in my behalf, I remain,
Respectfully yours,
GEO. RUSSELL.

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Eight for 25c.

Fifty for \$1.50.

Supreme Court.

The appellate division of the supreme court met in this city on Monday for its May session. Chief Justice Douglas and Justice Dubois and Blodgett were present to hear cases which required a full bench. The docket was called and many continuances were entered. A few of the old cases, in which there was no appearance of counsel, were dismissed.

There was a hearing of the case of Charles F. Stearns, attorney general, vs. Newport Hospital, this being the suit instituted by direction of the city council. The hearing on Monday was merely on demurrer, not on the main question. The complainants were represented by City Solicitor Brown, and the respondents by Rathbone Gardner and Judge Baker.

The allegation of the complainants is that the hospital could not accept the trust under the will of the late John Alfred Hazard and that it did wrong in taking and using the property; that it violated its trust in not caring for contagious diseases; that it has not acted properly in regard to free beds; and that the principal, instead of merely the interest, was used.

The respondents reply that the mayor and taxpayers of the city of Newport have no standing in the case, as the bequest was an indefinite charitable trust to be used solely at the discretion of the managers of the hospital. With this view of the case the court agreed. Mr. Gardner said that the emergency hospital had been closed on account of lack of funds and that it was the duty of the city to care for contagious diseases. He admitted that some of the principal had been used but said that the will expressly authorizes the use of the property and the proceeds to benefit as many as possible. No decision was announced.

In the afternoon there was a hearing in the police commission suit to obtain payment of their salaries. Col. Sheffield appeared for the police commission and City Solicitor Brown represented the city. The court announced that it would find the law creating the police commission constitutional but a decision on this point had not yet been written. Mr. Brown then claimed that the present case is improperly brought against the city treasurer when it should have been brought against the city council. He said that the council had passed resolutions directing that the city treasurer pay no salaries to the police commission. The city treasurer can only pay out such money as has been appropriated by the city council. He said that no provision has been made for the payment of these salaries by the city council. Col. Sheffield said that money would be available from the regular appropriation for the police. All that was necessary was an order for the city treasurer to pay these salaries. The court did not announce a decision.

A report that the Sea View Railway was negotiating for the purchase of the Wickford railroad has been denied.

Election of Officers.

The annual meeting and dinner of the Major A. A. Barker Association was held at the Touro dining rooms on Monday evening. Ample justice was done to the menu, and a social time was enjoyed. Officers were elected as follows:

President—Henry S. Ellis.
Vice President—William H. Bonnyne.
Secretary and Treasurer—Herbert W. Smith.
Entertainment Committee—Kimer Barker, John C. Shaw, Robert G. Hesel.

Trustees of Lung Wharf.

President—William H. Hammett.
Secretary—William A. Coggeshall.
Auditing Committee—R. H. Sherman, W. H. Hammett.

Dr. William A. Sherman was elected one of the trustees, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. John H. Crosby.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SE. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, BY VIRTUE OF AND IN PURSUANCE OF AN EXECUTION, NUMBER 25, issued at the time of the Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-seventh day of February, A. D. 1905, and returning to the said Court May 27th, A. D. 1905, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the ninth day of December, A. D. 1904, in favor of the Plaintiff, against the Defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock, a. m., levied the said execution on all the right, title and interest, which said defendant, Waldo H. Stearns, owns, and claims, and south-east corner of the lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said town of Jamestown, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

First Parcel: Northerly, on Bay View Drive; Easterly, on Summit Avenue; Southerly, on Highland Avenue; and Westerly, on Bay View Place, and a line in continuation of the easterly boundary line of said Bay View Place to said Highland Avenue, as said line and ways are shown on a plan of Condemnation, made by John H. Mullin and on file in the office of the Town Clerk of Jamestown aforesaid.

Second Parcel: Northerly, on Narragansett Bay; Easterly, by land of the United States Government; Southerly, by Bay View Drive; and Westerly, by a line formed by prolonging said eastern or northern, as it may be called, boundary line of said Bay View Place northwesterly to said Narragansett Bay.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on Monday, the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the satisfaction of said debt, with interest on the same, costs of said sale, and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEHAHN, Deputy Sheriff.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 22nd day of April, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

MORRIS AUSTIN, guardian of the person and estate of

MARY E. AUSTIN, of full age, of Newport, present, his 10th annual account with the estate of said adult, and prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to Monday, the 15th day of May, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock, a. m., in the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by advertisement in the Newport Mercury once a week at least, for four days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

TOWN OF MIDDLETOWN.

Town Tax, Poll Tax

—AND—

School Tax for 1905

Assessors' Notice

MIDDLETOWN, R. I., May 6, A. D. 1905.
THE UNDERSIGNED Assessors of Taxes for the Town of Middletown, in the State of Rhode Island, do hereby certify that to and sworn, hereby give notice that the purpose of assessing the Town tax, as provided in the General Laws of this State, after 47 of the General Laws of this State, as amended by Chapter 101 of the Public Laws of this State, for equalizing the valuation of the property of the several school districts formerly existing in this town, they will meet at the Town Hall, in said Middletown,

on WEDNESDAY, the 31st

day of May inst.,

A. D. 1905,

on Thursday, the first day of June next, 1905, and on Friday the second day of said month of June, and will be in session on each of said days, from ten o'clock a. m. until four o'clock p. m., to make and complete the assessment of the three taxes hereinbefore mentioned and fix a valuation on the relative property of said Town.

And all persons and corporations liable to taxation in said Middletown, are hereby notified and required to bring in to the undersigned assessors as aforesaid, a true and correct list of their real estate, describing and specifying the value of every parcel of their real and personal estate, and to make oath to the truth of the same, before the said undersigned assessors, as aforesaid. Any person who neglects or refuses to bring in such account, if overlooked, shall have no remedy therefor, or to make any appeal from the